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**Origin of the Ancient Carmelite Con-
vent Attached to the Church of Car-
men—Fragility and Health.**

All over this land, which is taking on a new and modern complexion, stand scores of abandoned conventual structures, some of them of great architectural interest. The nation, none of them fairer placed than the homes of the frugal and useful Carmelites, an order not yet extinct in Mexico, the chief of which is the Rev. Father Rafael Checa, of San Angel, now of a great age, cheerful of face, sturdy of form, beloved by all, and a true apostle of his order. He has been one of activity and helpfulness to his fellow-men, an intermediiator between master and servant, between rich and poor.

The old Church of Carmen and the convent attached thereto still stand in San Angel, the mountain suburb of this capital. The convent is a fine old building, and its fine old bell tower. The renovating hand of pious care has of late done much to restore the church and also the convent, part of which has been utilized for a barracks for the mounted police of the federal government, and the other part for a school room. The great huerta, or orchard, belongs to a private person, for the estate of the ancient order has passed away under the operation of the conciliatory decrees of the revolution. The order is free of liberalism, but to the devout Catholic of the people "scourge of God," like Attila the Hun.

The origin of the convent is like that of many in Mexico. In 1611 Don Felipe de Guadalupe, a Spaniard, who had been of the neighboring pueblo of Chimalistac, a village still standing, gave his garden, an orchard, in fulfillment of his father's wish, to the missionaries of the Society of Jesus, for a small hospice. A little later Don Felipe and his wife passed away, and all their property was peacefully bequeathed to the good fathers, who in 1615 began to erect the convent, and to transform the hospice into a church. The first missionaries landed in 1617, or three years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. This is the origin of a splendid edifice, still statelier in its ample proportions, a landmark for miles around, and the largest of its kind in the West across to the huge tower of the great Church of St. John the Baptist, in Coyacan, built by the conquerors and their im-

INSIDE THE CONVENT.
The Convent of El Carmen in San Rafael on an autumn afternoon, flooded with the almost eternal sunshine of Mexico, swept by the invigorating breeze coming down from the great mountains, is an ideally good spot for a picnic. One might make an excursion backward in time, centuries ago, and so escape from the clank and clamor of this modern world, which seems at times a vast workshop of machinery, with its steam, its whistle, its locomotive and shaking with the jar of iron wheels, and return to the peace of the journeys back in time as we make them in space, what a new rest would be given to the mind. The world would seem as easily as one now moves from land to land would make exercise immensely desirable. The world would seem so much by our boasted progress, and that to get back into the tranquil old centuries would be a relief. The world, if an ocean cable had not transformed the world into a whispering gallery, when there was no need for it, would be a world of reality and romance were actualities, would be a nerve-rest such as no doctor can prescribe.

young brother, for the discipline was as gentle as the lives of the simple men who dwelt tranquilly there. Of the sixty friars who were in this convent, only two remained after the first attack, and the others were scattered all over the extent of the republic, and dating their wanderings from the day when they were expelled from the convent. Juarez and his troops. At the present time, the convent is the most beautiful and the most comfortable of the kind in the country. The women who care for it, and attend to his simple wants, is Don Felix Maldonado, who was born in the city of Mexico, twenty-one years in San Angel, and who lived with the father in the pleasant days when the convent was a place of refuge. The friars were revered by the people. Don Felix is blind, but is very happy; he can only be distinguished by his simple and his simplicity, but is yet comfortable. He is a man of a cheerful and simple life, and he must be, with a wonderful and inexplicable cheerfulness, as if they were illuminated by the light of which the Quakers tell us.

These good men lived a great and useful life in the community, and did not misuse it; the poor found in them counsellors and guides, and, although possessed of no property, they were able to furnish coming to market to sell their wares, and to give them a good price for any kind. Men in misfortune living in houses owned by them were not compelled to pay anything for their shelter. The frugal men shed the light of Christian love and charity in the Mexico of the Indian

HOW THEY LIVED.

He has learned of the life the brethren led, certainly as simple and as useful as any experienced by the most austere monks. His work, and his prayers, and his meditations may enjoy. "Always fasting" is the Carmelite motto. They lived a life of almost Spartan simplicity. To bed at 9, and two hours and three-quarters sleep, until 11:45; then prayers, in which the whole community took part, until 1, when again to bed, to arise at 4:30. There was no breakfast, no arising. The members of the community went to their several duties, some to pass mass in the church, others to various pious exercises. By 11:45 all were up, some sick, and all were busy until 11, when the only full meal of the day was served, consisting of a soup, a vegetable, and a fish, with wine for those requiring it. The meal was abundant, for when eggs were given they were boiled or in omelette, and when fish was the principal dish enough was given to fill deep plates. But the bulk of the food serving of the poor at the convent gate, the ration given consisting of well-cooked beans and a little meat, was not intended to be large and sufficient for four persons, and large loaves of bread. Any necessitous person might, however, ask for food for himself or his family. This was a custom that under some conditions might have been abused, but the Carmelites were worthy applicants and who were but impudent and idle beggars.

There was no recreation.

for the expansion of the soul in genial conversation, and next more confessional and other spiritual exercises; and finally, a supper of beans and bread. Meat nor coffee was never served, and yet the hunger of those weary and careful frugality and broken sleep, the good fathers lived long lives, and they were happy men. The religious life of Spanish phrase goes, "constitutions of masonry."

We are tranquil life, so different from that we of this age lead, exhausting our nerves with worry and fret, enmeshed in relentless struggle, and at last, after years of weariness with the din of a rushing and headlong career, conducted to longevity and a lesson in that old and well-ordered life, it did not differ so greatly from that which we have known, and which still sets in our day: about the most sensible and intelligent people I have ever encountered.

The Carmelites wore coarse woollen shirt which was to the novice indeed a relief after the smoothness of the robes of the skin. They had no shoes, but wore sandals made of rawhide or animal skin. We could introduce the foot without difficulty, the toes being held in place by the leather straps. In seasons the dress was the same.

THE AMERICAN INVASION

When the Americans first entered the Valley of Mexico in 1519, they came from San Augustin, the pelting caravans

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The land of sunshine heard the roar of battle in a terrible civil war, for such it came to be. The foreign soldiers supporting the rebels were welcomed, but the Mexicans, though they were unwelcome, and did harm to the men of God.

Time closed, and Junez, the great Indian President, astute, firm in his opinions as men of his race always are, and with the respect of the monks and nuns out of their convents, confiscated church property, tore up old institutions, and the church gradually weakened, its influence shattered. The people, without any religious discipline, many of the older Catholic people have said to me, and have added, "The church is dead, and the people have grown too strong and too worldly."

Perhaps so. But something was lost. The old institutions, the old ways, the old ways of institutions linked to every man, woman and child by the most intimate ties, were broken. The people were sad and happier world, in which it was good to travel, and good to be separated from the old ways. The white bands over the plains, making the hills to respond with its hoarse, hoarse cry, were heard.

At the end of the modern, has entered Mexico, a new invader, a Trojan horse, bearing within it the seeds of destruction. The people are ill. All great changes have their pathetic phases, and however much we may find in the new, we must find in the old. The life of the present day in Mexico, we must, sometimes, standing within the half-ruined walls of the old, look out upon the ancient orchards, where birds sing and the wind rustles the leaves of the olive man, and go about their immemorial tasks, and say that a charm, never to come again, has departed.

The Poor Thing!

London Letter.

Here is a little story of the late president of the London School of Music, which he himself was fond of telling occasionally, and which is too good to be lost. I give it in Milaia's own words:

"I found myself seated one evening at a rather grand dinner next to a very pretty young thing girl of the Academy, which he himself introduced. She fired into conversation and I was glad she had finished her soup, and as it was May began with the inevitable question, 'I am married, aren't you?' I replied that I had. 'And did you notice the Milaia's? Didn't you think they were awful handsome?' I can't imagine how soon directly she never get hung.' She was going on gaily in the same strain, while I sat silent, when suddenly the amused smiles of those round me were turned to a faint but distinct smile. At a sudden stop. She colored rather painfully and whispered to me in a frightened

**Only One Element in Nature, and All
Matter May Be Reduced to a
Primordial Form.**

New York Herald.

I called upon Mr. Edison at his laboratory one day last week. The foreign papers have been full of two pieces of news that seemed likely to interest him. One is the self-styled discovery made by the Austrian chemist, Dr. S. J. P. Crookes, that the Roentgen rays will penetrate metals. The second is the account of a new company, "The Argentaurum Syndicate," formed to realize the dreams of the old alchemists, and to produce gold from the baser metals by chemical transmutation. I arrived at the Dwellmyr Park laboratory about 4 o'clock and found Dr. Crookes and the German man asleep. I was ushered into the reception room to await his waking.

"He gets tired out in the afternoon now," said the young man who did the honors. "He works every night until half-past twelve or one; he gets up at seven, and then has to make up for it by a nap after lunch."

But I did not have long to wait. Word was shortly sent down to me that I might come up to the office. Mr. Edison was awake and ready to receive me.

It was the first time I had ever seen the Wizard, yet portraits and descriptions had already familiarized me with his external characteristics. No one could mistake that face, but I was not sure of the exact phrase applied to it. Yet it is the dome of the Pantheon, or of St. Sophia, rather than that of St. Peter's, or any modern cathedral. It does not rise egglike from the ears, as Sir Walter Scott's did. It is rather of the shape of an inverted saucer. If you must be architectural, however, rather than poetical, you might say that it resembles a dome of the sky.

His words sounded complimentary, and therefore I expressed the meaning better. In all seriousness, I said, "It is the exterior of the magnificent intellect which it enshrine."

Mr. Edison laughed a good-natured yet a scornful laugh when asked about Professor

Dr. E. S. Kiser, "there's nothing new in his discoveries," he said. "The Roentgen rays have always done all that he claims for them. They are the same rays that we have known for years. The form of X ray will penetrate half an inch of cast iron so as to be visible to the naked eye. The rays will penetrate half an inch of lead, and will penetrate six inches or further, depending upon the form of the rays. The rays will penetrate the bones of the human body, and now in general use give a series of waves that will penetrate the bones of the human body. The result is extremely sharp shadows of the skeleton, which is the same as the shadows of the bones. The rays will penetrate the bones of the human body, and certain kinds of tubes which I (and perhaps others have made), where the form of the rays is different, the temperature, the effect is different. The rays so produced will penetrate flesh and bone, and will be used in surgery, and you hear nothing about such tubes. Nevertheless, they do all that the Roentgen rays do. The rays will penetrate waves will penetrate through extraordinary thicknesses of wood, and through an inch of steel. The rays will penetrate through steel, but be strong enough to be visible in the microscope. The rays will still at work perfecting the Roentgen ray," I heard.

NEW CHEMICAL CRYSTALS.

The new chemical crystals are a new producing crystals that will fluoresce under the X ray. To the surveyor of different chemical

placed in ordinary emulsions of photographic plates. Hence, probably, their sensitiveness to the Roentgen rays. This sensitiveness, therefore, can be increased by adding more of the substance.

"And now," said I, "allow me to draw your attention to another matter. Foreign matter is present in the substance. The purpose is to produce gold from the baser metals. They assert that you are engaged in the production of gold. And you have succeeded in transmitting silver into a substance that is to all intents and purposes gold. They add that similar success has been achieved by other persons.

"Prof. Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University, says—

"It is certainly not true of myself," said Mr. Edison, "and I don't believe either Tesla or Remsen has ever asserted any such thing. I am a chemist, and I know how I got my start. I have spent the last year I did make some experiments of this sort, but they led to nothing. I also devoted a little time to the production of diamonds."

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GOLD VALUE WILL FALL

"No, sir," Mr. Edison said this laughingly, but with decision. "And it's the same with gold. I believe it not only a possibility, but a probability of the future, that we will discover a process of transmuting the baser metals into gold. Then, of course, the value of gold will fall in accordance with the economy of the process. If the chemistry of man can produce gold ore cheaper than does the chemistry of nature, the difference in the cost of production will relatively decrease the value of the prod-

"Yes, Edison," I asked, struck with a sudden idea, "how many elements are there?"

"I believe," was the reply, "that all matter can be reduced to one of sixteen or seventeen elements."

"And do you believe that any further reduction of matter will be made by the science of the future?"

"Yes, I believe that there is one primordial matter, and that all the elements we know at present are finally reducible. I believe that the discovery of this primordial matter will be the greatest possibility of the science."

"In other words," I asked, "are all the diversified forms of matter simply different arrangements of the molecules of the primordial matter?"

"Yes," he replied, "the geologist teaches us that steam, clouds, rain, snow, frost and ice are simply diversified forms of water. The chemist teaches us the diamond is another form of coal, that coal is another form of wood. Now, may I not say that the universe is but another diversified form of matter?"

"The transmutation of metals follow as a matter of course?"

"Yes," he replied.

And," I continued, "if it becomes possible to reduce all the known elements to their primordial element, science might take a stone, for example, resolve it into the original element and then by a new combination of the molecules of that element produce anything it chose, gold or diamonds, or food, or drink, or silk, or cotton?"

Mr. Edison smiled indulgently.

The idea opens out a magnificent vista of possibilities. The secret of warming, of

ut soul. If the organic body, including
fe and mind, be but a cunning arrange-
ment of molecular matter, why may not
the very same molecular element
lead eventually to the production of big
trained, big hearted, able-bodied human
beings? The question is too big to be considered
in the space at my command. But a single
chief duty is the reproduction of its kind.
It will be superseded as completely as its
ancestors were by the new superse-
dances, its occupation will be gone. Cere-
bral scientists, having the means to
reproduce men, will reproduce men,
and men only. The saints of old were
not to begeth, and the saints of to-day
into the world all our woe, but that the actual
presence of woman in the human scheme is
not to be discarded. The perfect life is
the perfect life. Abolish women, therefore,
and the perfect life will be within the reach
of man. But I am not to be a prophet,
I remember the misogynist in Adam
Ede, who held that the bringing down
of man to begeth children, and even
that they do in a miserable, makeshift
port of life. The men, it
better been left to the men.
Perhaps in the splendid future, where
the world dimly discerns, will
to the men.

A CHAFING-DISH LESSON.
Food Dishes Prepared by a Teacher at a Cooking School.
Boston Transcript.

If there is one form of culinary art more popular than the average house-keeper than another it is that in which the chafing-dish figures. One does not have to be a housewife either to feel the charm of a pretty table fitted with all the accessories, the slender flame curling up to the polished metal, or to realize the beauty of the dish when the cover is lifted and the feast is ready. Roasts and fricassées are all very good, but it is a tantalizing thing to make one realize the perfection of epicureanism.

During the last few years the chafing-dish has come to be so extensively used that it can no longer be regarded as a novelty. But though it is no longer a novelty

tion of one of the convenient articles are constantly on hand. The opportunity offers to obtain at least half a dozen, and at the same time see the reason why the opportunity is sure to be improved. This week's demonstration lecture at the Boston Cooking School was given by Miss Farmer, who very efficiently filled the vacant space in the kitchen, and left barely a table reservation where they were working. She was very pleasant, and very businesslike, and she explained at the beginning that she had one on extra large name, which could be easily regulated. Her high school diploma was on the wall, and she was so prompt, she said, although wood alcohol does very well for those who do not mind the odor, and she was so prompt, she said, as soon as Miss Farmer started to produce, as she gives many hints and suggestions. The first thing she did was to take a lobster rabbit with the first preparation. One tablespoonful of cornstarch was in the water, and it was allowed to melt, and so it was added a tablespoonful of cornstarch. When the water was added, and the water and lobster liquor was added, as well as half a pound of cheese, cut fine. As soon as these were added, she said, she was to add an egg that had been well beaten was added, very cautiously. She was to add a tablespoonful of mustard, a little salt and a very little allowance of cayenne. She was to add a very little of the eggs were put in. They had previously been scalded and only required to be heated. She was to add a very little of the eggs to the ladies on crisp crackers and pronounced "to the queen's taste." Plain rabbit may be made in many ways, and the demonstration, by omitting the oysters and using half a cupful of cream instead of the

A savory compound next prepared was begun by putting five slices of bacon, cut into strips about 1/2 inch wide, in a skillet until crisp, and this process, it should be said, requires watching. One pint of oysters having been thoroughly dried between towels and rolled in flour, were then put in and covered with the curled, crisp bacon. Miss Farmer showed a new way to flour oysters or scallops with comparatively little trouble. She put the flour on a piece of brown paper then laid on the oysters and rolled them in the flour. A bag and shook it well and in this way the surfaces were covered evenly. One's

ful of salad oil poured over it and then use a tablespoonful of vinegar. Butter can be used in place of the oil, if preferred. The salad is served in a bowl. It takes five tablespoonfuls of butter and to add four tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup and then mix thoroughly. Be very careful and take care that it does not become "mussy," and then put in a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a half a teaspoonful of a spoonful of lemon juice. After cooking for five minutes, it is ready to be served.

Eggs à la Creole is a wonderfully pretty dish. Dariole molds are used—little tin molds that are made of brass. The eggs should be buttered and sprinkled with chopped parsley and an egg broken into the middle of the mold. The egg should be water half-way up the sides, or even better, just to the top. The egg should not reach the top. Scrape the sides and then the egg will cook directly over the flame. Cover closely and cook for five minutes. Turn the egg out of the mold about the edges and they will come out whole. Set them in a platter and pour over them a sauce made of tomato catsup, tomatoes cooked until thick and seasoned with a few drops of onion juice, salt, pepper and a dash of lemon juice. Serve five tablespoonfuls each of capers and mushrooms.

Onions were cut lengthwise. Lobsters came next in order. Six were wiped carefully and trimmed of any remnants of the gill-bar. They were then washed in two or three cups of cold water, spoonfuls of water to each egg, then in well-seasoned crumbs and then in flour. The lobsters were removed a few drops of onion juice were added, besides a teaspoonful of salt. A half cup of hot oil was added, a half a teaspoonful of curry powder, lastly a cupful of brown stock. The sauce was then poured over the lobsters and they were served.

Lobsters à la Delmonico is one of the most appetizing and simple of the great cook's make. It takes quite of a cupful of melted butter and into it put three or four drops of onion juice, a half a teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne and a little nutmeg. Pour in slowly the lobster meat, stirring it all the while. Then dilute the yolk of two eggs that are to be added after the meat of a two-pound lobster with a half a cup of milk and a spoonful of sherry. The lobster, having been cooked once, should remain over the

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An Idol Shattered.
Washington Post.
We were talking about books and the personality of authors the other night, and I mentioned the most sweetest old lady in the world mentioned Amelia Barr.
"O, yes," said a young woman from New York. "I've met Mrs. Barr—stayed in the same house with her up on the Hudson."
How lovely and dear old lady.
"Do tell us about her. I'm sure she's as sweet and simple, and girlishly gentle as her books. Now, tell us, for instance, what